

Class of 1915



CLASS DAY EXERCISES

CLASS OF 1915

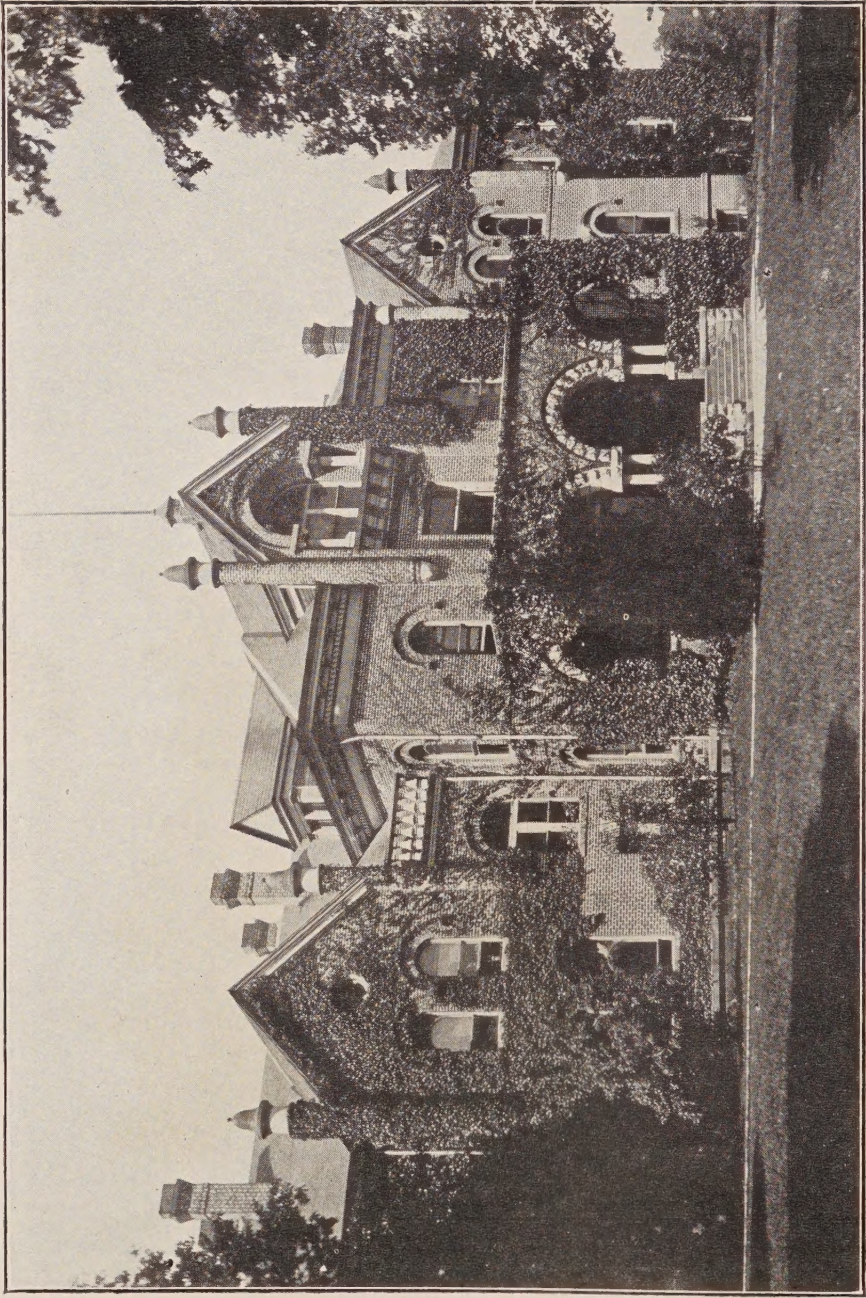


NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOL
FOR THE DEAF.



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SCHOOL BUILDING, NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Class of 1915.

Class Motto:

The End Crowns the Work.

Flower:

Daisy.

Colors:

Gold and White.

OFFICERS:

Willie Benfield,
President.

Alice Hardin,
Vice President.

Josie Durham,
Secretary.

ROLL OF CLASS.

Willie Eskie Benfield

Alice Vance Hardin

William Everett Brown

Jennie Esther Jones

Josie May Durham

Elizabeth Ann Julian

Myrtle Melissa Stockton

Class History

Elizabeth Julian.

If there is luck in odd numbers, we should be a most fortunate class, for "we are seven," we have three teachers and this is nineteen fifteen.

But as a matter of fact, we have had a pretty tough time reaching our present goal. We are not willing to admit that we are odds and ends but none of us started out under the same teacher.

Everett Brown came first but hasn't been here longest. He stayed at home for two years. He says he stayed because he was not well, but I have a sneaking idea that the path of learning was rather thorny for his tender feet.

Alice Hardin entered about one month later than Everett. Her father brought her in a buggy from her mountain home forty miles away. These big buildings, the great crowd of children and the strange faces so utterly bewildered her that every one's sympathy was enlisted and she was petted to contentment. Her sweet nature and bright mind soon made her a great favorite and it was hard for us to give her up the years she stayed at home with her sick mother.

In 1902, Willie Benfield and Myrtle Stockton came and Willie has been with us ever since. Myrtle's father moved to Georgia in 1910 and she went to the Georgia School for one year. But that was enough for her and she wended her way back to the Old North State.

Elizabeth Julian from Charlotte and Josie Durham from the county of Chatham entered in 1903 and Jennie Jones, a fat little black-eyed girl, in 1904.

CLASS OF NINETEEN FIFTEEN

When Miss Peck, our beloved Principal, came to us three years ago, she put us all together and with 1911 our history as a class begins.

Our class spirit was strong from the start and our great ambition was to prove that we were worthy of all that had been done and was being done for us.

Our girls are all members of the Fepha Club which Miss Peck introduced. We are proud of being members, for membership depends upon character and behavior. We have weekly meetings over which Miss Peck presides. The personal touch of the principal has been of great service and pleasure to us.

Our boys are members of the Sterling Society, a similar club for boys and Mr. Birck has been of great help to them.

One of the most pleasant events of our class life was the reception which we, as Juniors, gave to the graduating class last year. One feature of the evening was a contest—quotations from the reading for the year—and Jennie Jones won the prize.

At the close of the term, we had examinations and I think all of us covered ourselves with glory.

In the fall, when we came back and found Physics, Algebra and the required reading for college entrance ahead of us, our hearts misgave us and our class conferences were by no means optimistic. We did our best though and our tasks are over. "The End Crowns the Work."

Twenty Years After.

Jennie Jones.

Soon after my graduation in 1915, my mother moved West and made our home in a little mining town not far from Denver. During the first few years of my exile from my native state, I was so homesick and miserable that I did not have the heart to try to make the best of things and I am ashamed to confess that the letters of my dear class mates were unanswered.

But never for one minute did I forget them and oh! how I longed for the happy days we spent together in Morganton.

But youth is buoyant, so in spite of my strange surroundings and the absence of my friends, I began to feel the spell of the golden West and to be interested in the people.

Years past swiftly and the little mining town had become a busy city. My mother had prospered in her boarding house venture and we had a beautiful home with all the modern conveniences and a great many luxuries.

Though she had become independent, she still took boarders for everybody in the West works, you know. They don't know anything about the dreamy, delightful ease of life in the South.

Just across the street from our home, was the Carnegie Library and I was fortunate enough to be the librarian.

In this way, I came in contact with cultured people and how thankful I was for my ability to read the lips and

speak for I had no difficulty in understanding and being understood.

The library trustees wanted to send someone East to look up some records and asked me if I would like to go.

I jumped at the chance for twenty years had passed since I left North Carolina and I wanted to find out the whereabouts and circumstances of the class of 1915.

After finishing my work in Boston, I wrote to Mr. Goodwin to know if it would be convenient for me to spend a few days at the school and if he could tell me anything about the boys and girls who had graduated with me.

A telegram came before I thought my letter had had time to reach Morganton.

It said—Glad to have you. Be sure to come. E. McK. Goodwin.

I was all excitement, but a wee bit disappointed for nothing was said about my class mates.

I got ready to start at once and was soon being wheeled southward on the Federal Express.

As I drove up to the School, I saw a brilliantly lighted building which I did not recognize. I was told it was the Benfield Gymnasium which had been given to the deaf children of the State by one of the graduates of the School who had become a prosperous man.

Mr. Goodwin met me at the carriage and told me to hurry up and dress as quickly as I could for he had a pleasant surprise for me.

I almost ran to my room and before you could wink, I was ready for that surprise.

Mr. Goodwin went with me to the gymnasium and there I faced a brilliant reception—all in my honor, too. Daisies were in profusion and festoons of gold and white were every where in evidence.

But who were those six middle-aged, dignified people in the receiving line?

Mr. Goodwin introduced me to Mrs. Fitzerland and I was making my best bow when she threw her arms around me and said, "Why, Jennie, don't you remember me? I am, or at least was, Alice Hardin."

Then Alice said, "I married Mr. Fitzerland nineteen years ago. I have a handsome home on Fifth Avenue and am quite a society woman. I have a grown daughter who graduated at Vassar last year and is now in Europe. I was abroad last year.

I have been South only once since my marriage and did not see any of my old friends then, as I was on a flying trip.

When Mr. Goodwin wrote me about our class reunion and that you had been discovered, I dropped everything and hurried down here."

The little woman standing next to Alice I recognized as Myrtle Stockton. She had married a widower with ten children and she had a most motherly air. I asked her why on earth she had married that widower and she said she was sorry for him.

Mr. Goodwin told me to guess who the next lady was and before I could say "Jack Robinson," I was grabbed and given a regular bear hug. I remembered that old time squeeze and asked Josie Durham why she was dressed in black.

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She told me she was wearing it for her husband who had been dead two years but she had decided to put on colors as she needed some one to help her manage her farm.

The same old Josie of long ago! She had made a specialty of chickens and pigs and her sausages and country hams were as famous as those she used to get in her boxes from home.

I knew at once that the spectacled spinster was Elizabeth Julian. She had become principal of the Day School for the Deaf in Charlotte and was doing excellent work.

It was easy for me to distinguish Everett Brown and Willie Benfield.

Willie had made lots of money on his moving pictures but he was still a bachelor and as lady-like as ever. His latest fad is blooded horses.

Everett Brown had grown very stout and prosperous looking. He had made a great success of his dairying and his wife is a famous butter-maker.

We chatted away until the wee sma' hours but before we said good bye, we promised each other faithfully that we would have another reunion in 1940.

Characteristics of the Class of '15.

Alice V. Hardin.

CLASS OF NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Class Roll	Known as	Favorite Haunt	Chief occupation	Usually seen	Favorite expression	Highest ambition	Likes most	Greatest dislike
Jennie Jones	Ginger	Reading Room	Talking	Reading	"Well, well,"	To be a famous suffragette	To be kissed	To work
Elizabeth Julian	Saucy Beth	Fepha Club Room	Patching old clothes	Looking in the mirror	"I'm tired of being thin"	To be a strict school teacher	To look pretty	To be bothered
Josie Durham	Tom boy	Sewing room	Lengthening her skirts	Stamping the floor	"Oh, you scare me to death."	To be a farmer	Fat meat	To be thin
Myrtle Stockton	Dwarf	Bed room	Darning stockings	Sleeping	"I do not like that way"	To be tall and fat	Red-headed Boys	Flattery
Willie Benfield	Silly Willie	Printing office	Grinnig at girls	Sitting in the yard	"I will I will"	To be a swell	Girls	To be unseen
Everett Brown	Sober Preacher	Miss Pott's store-room	Milking the cows	Trying to please others	"Be quiet"	To be like Oscar Hunter	Milk	To waste time
Alice Hardin	Ben Bolt	The swing near the barn	Eating bread crust to make her hair curly	Looking at the barn	"I like it better than anything"	To be attractive	Onions and pickles	Loneliness

Last Will and Testament,

Myrtle Stockton.

We, the graduating class of 1915, being of sound and disposing mind and desiring to make known that fact for the benefit of those who are to follow us; being conscious of our importance and superior knowledge and being charitably inclined to those who seek to follow in our path, do make, declare and publish this our Last Will and Testament in manner and form following, to wit:

Item I. We do give and bequeath to the ninth grade (1) the round rose bed back of the girls' study-hall in which we have planted all the roots that we dug out of Wentworth's Algebra hoping that they will produce an easier crop than our variety. (2) The use of our new desks provided they will pass them on in as good condition as they find them. (3) One package of yeast cakes to make them rise to our height.

Sec. II. We also wish to further show our interest in the said ninth grade and our affection for them so we make the following personal bequests.

Alice Hardin wishes to will to Joe Gibbs her seat in the swing near the girls' study hall.

To Ruth Kirby she gives her pickle jar and onion patch.

Josie Durham wills to Pearl Contrane a pair of springs to be attached to her heels so that she will "walk a little faster."

Jennie Jones gives to Hazel Pike her office as secretary of the Tar Heel Literary Association and her boudoir cap to Lillie McKinzie and wants her to have her picture taken in it.

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Myrtle Stockton and Elizabeth Julian bequeath to Carrie Thomas their knowledge of geography and the use of their Travel Books.

Everett Brown bequeaths his dignity to Herman Aycock and Joe Gibbs to be equally divided between them.

Willie Benfield wills to Charlie Knotts, Julian West and James Calhoun his Physics battery to experiment with.

We will our picture of Woodrow Wilson to Robert Daniels, if he will promise to vote the Democratic ticket when he comes of age.

We also wish to make the following requests:—

Item I. To our Superintendent, Mr. Goodwin, we give and bequeath our loyalty and support at the Conventions for the Deaf.

Item II. We bequeath to Miss Peck one set of garden tools and the services of Willie Ward to keep the weeds out of her flower garden.

Item III. To Miss Norris we give and bequeath one mouse-trap so that she will not be bothered with rodents next year.

Item IV. We give and bequeath to Miss Mauzy an automatic cart so that the distance to town can be quickly covered.

Item V. We give and bequeath to Miss Thompson (1) our copies of Burke's Conciliation. (2) One patent ventilator to keep her school-room well aired.

Item VI. We give and bequeath to Miss Walton a green house to be situated east of the girls' reading room.

Item VII. To Miss Prevatt we bequeath our love and appreciation for taking care of us when we were sick.

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We herewith appoint Mr. Scott and Mr. Neal executors of this will.

In witness whereof, we subscribe our hand and seal on this, the twenty-seventh day of May, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

(Signed)

CLASS OF 1915.



GRADUATING CLASS

From left to right: Josie Durham, Willie Benfield, Myrtle Stockton, Elizabeth Julian, Alice Hardin
Jennie Jones, and Everett Brown

Indenture of Adoption.

Written for the Class.

State of North Carolina :
County of Burke :

In the High Court
of Appeals.

To the good people of North Carolina and all others who wish to encourage the shades of charity and intellectual improvement from the burning sunshine of vice, ignorance and affliction :

Whereas, the undersigned, realizing the exposure of so many of our citizens to the scorching rays and blighting effects of ignorance and the dire calamity of affliction, and wishing to symbolize our earnest desire for relief therefrom; and further recognizing the beautiful tradition of planting and maintaining upon the historic ground of this Institution, a tree, wish to perpetuate the same :

NOW, therefore, know all of said people, above enumerated, that in execution of the aforesaid purpose and desire and in perpetuation of such sentiment which we think gives expression fitly to it, we have got busy and have gone into the primeval forest and from the beautiful plantings of the lavish hand of nature have selected this promising specimen from its midst.

Lawyers tell us, (and therefore it must be true), that a growing tree is a part of the realty and, therefore, we deduced that it must be real estate and requires all the solemnity of a deed to properly convey it. But we gather from the platform of the Progressives, which we think has been endorsed by the Suffrage movement, that short forms will now suffice for the old forms prescribed in the days of

Blackstone, and, we therefore, adopt the short form:

NOW, therefore, in consideration of the premises and of the good which we have received from this school and which we hope others may realize, and the good they may attain, we do hereby give, grant, alien and convey to this school in fee simple and forever, this tree, to be planted on the classic soil of the North Carolina School for the Deaf.

We hope and believe that under the kind nurture which we can give it, which we pledge, as well as that which we believe it will receive from those who come after us, it will grow, like the grain of mustard seed, into a great and powerful tree, under whose shades many songs will be sung, many aspirations will be born, many noble purposes formed and many pledges made.

We attach but few conditions to this conveyance but we would like it to be understood that this tree, which we hope will become a monarch of these delightful grounds shall receive the loving care and watchfulness of all people as well as the jealous attention of the faculty and student body of this institution.

When the melancholy days have come, as they will about once in twelve months, and the gorgeous robe of autumn will enshroud this tree, as it does all trees of the forest, let not your affection for it fade with the leaf; but like the tender vine that climbs the mighty oak of the mountain, when the oak is torn asunder with the storms of life and laid low by their irresistible forces, still clings around it with caressing tenderness to bind up its scattered boughs; so if troubles should come and this, our dedication, should meet the storms of enemies or the cavil of ingrates,

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then let the loving and tender hands of those who adorn this institution fling around it that caressing tenderness and shield it from all its troubles.

In testimony whereof, we, the undersigned, graduating class of 1915, have hereunto set our hands and seals. This the twenty-seventh day of May, 1915.

(Seal)

Everett Brown
Willie Benfield,
Josie Durham,
Alice Hardin
Jennie Jones,
Elizabeth Julian,
Myrtle Stockton.

